

March 28, 1917

Teafrocks workers.



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98/6

Everybody

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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.
APRIL 4, 1917.

EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF. 138-7

New Series. —PART 43

8d

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



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TEAFROCK
workers, in good
chiffon to match
hanging chiffon
In black and all

April 4, 1917

VERY.



Black faille silk Toque, with turn-up brim, trimmed beaded ornament in front. Price 25/9



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April 4, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 43
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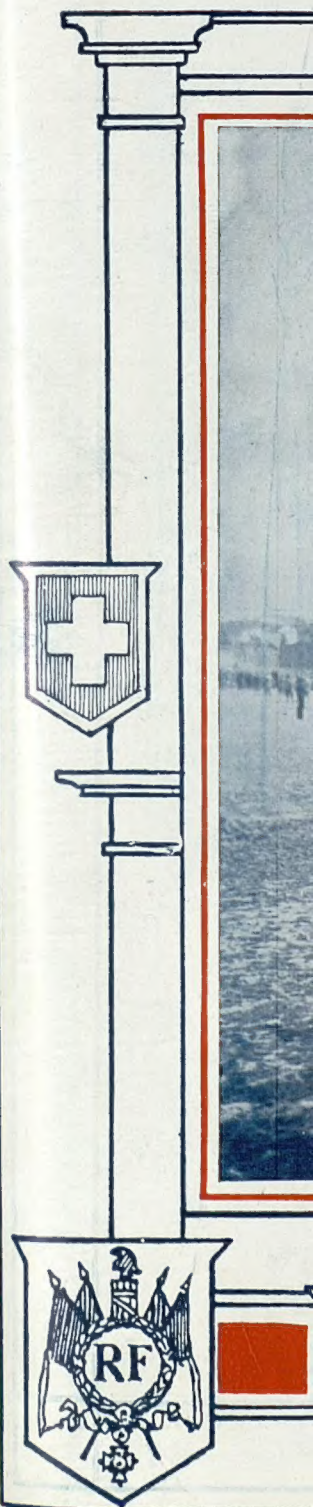
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March 28, 1917

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The Illustrated War News, April 4, 1917.—Part 43, New Series.

The Illustrated War News



TOMMY'S WAY WITH THE CHILDREN : IN A RECAPTURED FRENCH VILLAGE.

Official Photograph.

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT?—OUR CARDS YET TO BE PLAYED—THE HINDENBURG BOGIE.

WE have the German Emperor's speech and a stiffening of the fighting along the Arras-Aisne line to help us arrive at the conclusion that perhaps the great retreat of which the Kaiser is so proud has at last reached its fixed front, and we are on the threshold of, if we have not already entered upon, the greatest and most critical battle of our time. We cannot, of course, be sure of these facts; the Kaiser is an inevitable speech-maker, and also the steady deepening of the resistance may mean no more than a Germanic effort to slow up our rather too rapid advance with stronger rearguards, so that troops to the rear might be got clear safely. At the same time, there may be something in both happenings. It would not be happy, even for the Kaiser, to have to make a series of speeches of joy at each fresh retirement; and, at the same time, the fighting that is now going on, especially before Cambrai (about Beaumetz) and on the Oise, seems to be of a bigger and more bitter nature than fighting usually indulged by rearguards—though, it might be said, rearguard battles can be of the heaviest

kind, as we, who put up so good a fight at Le Cateau, can admit. On the face of things, however, we have some reason to feel that, as far as the Germans are concerned, they have arrived at a point where they hope to halt, and that the next phase of the manœuvring is with us.

What our own part in the battle is going to be is still, we must agree, undiscoverable. We have everything to do yet. We have shown nothing. Our cards are still to be played in answer to the German hand—for, so far, we have done little more than follow the German up, and, though we have pushed him along at a rate rather quicker than he expected, we have done this rather with our advance forces than with the full weight and power at our disposal. These things are to be remembered, emphatically, on those occasions when the gloomy among us point out that on

certain sections of the line—the front from Arras to Cambrai, for instance—the movement has been very small, and very slow too. The slowness and the smallness of our movement at these points does not necessarily mean that the German is



IN RECAPTURED NESLE AFTER THE BRITISH ENTRY: OUR MEN HAVING A WELCOMING CHAT WITH ONE OF THE WOMEN TOWNSFOLK.—[Official Photograph.]



IN THE GARDEN OF A HOUSE AT NESLE: BRITISH SOLDIERS BEING SHOWN THE ENTRANCE TO A BIG DUG-OUT, USED AS GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.—[Official Photograph.]

beating us now that he has much as it may mean that yet to test his power in a fit area of advance is noticeable most fighting. That is, when most battered, and so is transport. It is thus the failure of the retreat has (for we have not really hit only be decided when we have

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beating us now that he has found his foothold, so much as it may mean that we are not in a state yet to test his power in a fitting way. The smallest area of advance is noticeably where there has been most fighting. That is, where the ground has been most battered, and so is difficult for guns and transport. It is thus here that the success or failure of the retreat has not been decided at all (for we have not really hit hard here), and it will only be decided when we bear with all our weight.

Indeed, when considering this matter, it seems curious to me that so much attention should be concentrated on the work done by the Germans, and so little on the work that is to be done by ourselves. We seem so taken up by the fact that the Germans have managed a capable and well-handled retreat that we seem unable to realise that

for the eventuality of German retreat, so it is absurd to act as if this retreat had left our Commanders helpless and fumbling. Obviously our leaders must have been ready for any such move, though we may have to wait with patience to see the development, the testing, and the chances of success of their plan. But it *will* be well for us to wait until our full forces are brought into play—and the conditions are at least as favourable to us as to the Germans—before we think our ominous little thoughts about the meagreness of our advance and the all-powerfulness of Hindenburg.

I do not mean that the French Commander-in-Chief and Sir Douglas Haig have a plan up their sleeves which foresaw every detail of this retreat, and had so schemed their forces as to sweep away the new line in the first impact of their power. I



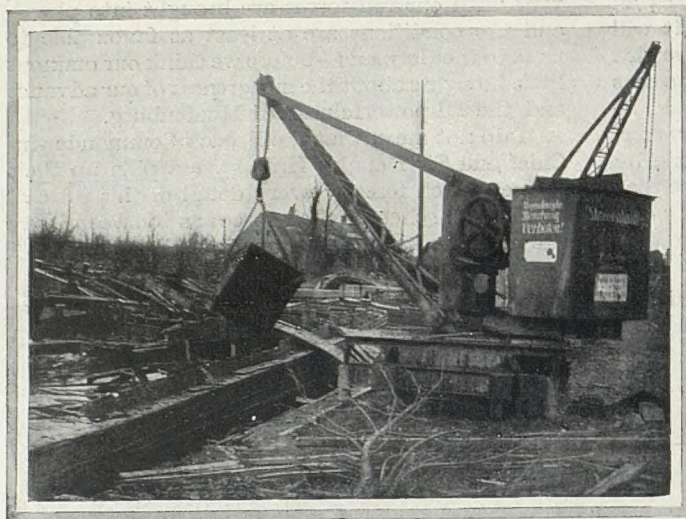
ONE OF THE GUNS THE RETREATING GERMANS MINE ROADS AND BLOW UP BRIDGES TO KEEP BACK:
A FRENCH HEAVY PIECE AND ITS CREW BEING TOWED BY A TRACTOR.—[Photo. C.N.]

retreats are things that enter into the calculations of every military leader—even our own. We do not seem to recognise the fact that Generals Nivelle and Haig may have had their attentions drawn to the possibilities of retreat some time last year, when the Somme attack was initiated. We who insist, quite rightly, that this "glorious movement to a line of their own choosing" was forced upon the Germans by our Commanders, are yet filled with a curious fear that this retreat has spoiled our future plans. If we feel that—if we feel that Hindenburg has, by his retreat, checkmated our offensive—then we must also feel that the whole of the Ancre-Somme battles of last year and this were mere witless, directionless assaults solely concerned with daily captures of German trenches, and having no vision at all of what might happen if the enemy line snapped. As it is absurd to think that the Somme battles had no plan ready

mean that the possibilities of such a move as the Germans have undertaken were undoubtedly foreseen, and every means provided to meet such a contingency in the face of a skilful and capable enemy. It takes two to make a battle—though there do seem to be a surprising number of our people who appear to think that there is only one side in a modern battle, and that the German—and our object in the coming fight is to attack and defeat the enemy, just as the object of the German is to outmanoeuvre and frustrate our attempts. He has probably made a very skilful attempt to throw us out in this retirement, and will go on doing his best. It is because he is doing his best that we have advanced but slowly and carefully. There is, indeed, nothing sweeping or easy about the matter, and the battle will be terrible rather than simple. But it is a battle which is yet to come. It is no good treating the matter as being

already all over, when, in fact, it has yet really to begin.

Whether the battle will go in our favour is a matter for the future fact rather than the present prophecy. We have to help us in our optimism the memory of the Somme. It is, really, the only



AT A CANAL-SIDE RAILWAY DEPÔT-YARD NEAR PÉRONNE: A WRECKED AND DESTROYED GERMAN STEAM-CRANE AND BARGES AS LEFT BY THE ENEMY.—[Official Photograph.]

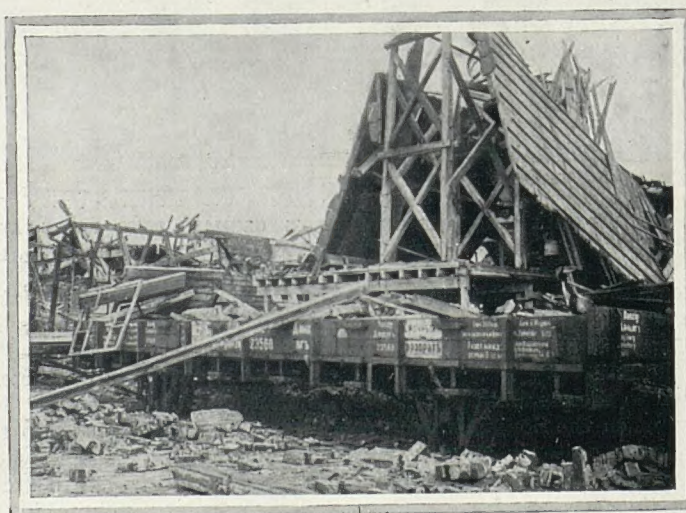
precedent. The great defensive fights of the beginning of the war—Ypres, Arras, the Austrians before Cracow, the Russians before Warsaw—are all obsolete examples in the matter of military history. The Somme transformed military art, though, in itself, the Somme was but an improvement of the hammer-head method employed at Verdun and on the Dunajec. But the Somme did prove that, in spite of defences that were gigantic in comparison, say, to the defences at Ypres, and filled with troops and served with guns beyond even the fondest dreams of men resisting (and resisting well) in earlier battles, positions could be lost to modern attack. To resist on his new line Hindenburg will have to exceed the impregnability of the Somme. That does not seem possible, and the chances are that, with our present man-power and gun-power, the present German line is but a halting-place, and not a "steel wall" to resist all efforts, as the Germans declare.

The question to consider now is whether Germany can gain time by this move to initiate a new stroke elsewhere—against the Western Allies, against Russia, or against Italy. We cannot really answer this question until the answer is given us by Germany. But one thing might be said. It is this—Has any big, single blow struck by Germany brought her even appreciably nearer the successful end of the war for which she dreams? In her

prime she has made some huge strokes, against France, Russia, Serbia, and Roumania—have they availed her anything? They have not, and it seems to me that Hindenburg, as leader of a degenerating power, will have to work a miracle if he is to carry out a stroke which will do more than any stroke the Germans have attempted. He may have ready a card by which he hopes to win the final trick of a beneficent peace—that is another matter. But even that trick will not be so easy of accomplishment. War is a game of two sides, I say again, and already the Allies show a disposition to contest Germany's hand from the very moment it begins to be played. The great retreat does not yet appear to be a qualified success. The French are pressing too eagerly up the Oise, our men and the French are imperilling Cambrai, and we are showing such a disposition to harry him that his final cards may be spoiled. For here is a point that is worth a good deal more attention than it is getting—that is, Hindenburg may be preparing a big offensive in his retreat; but we, on our side, may spoil his planned offensive by advancing. There is such a thing as pinning

troops down to one front.

By a resolute attack we may so endanger Hindenburg's line that he will have to employ *all* his men to keep us out. By such an attack he may have to forgo his Big



NEAR PÉRONNE: THE REMAINS OF A BLOWN-UP RAILWAY STATION AND A SHATTERED GERMAN TRANSPORT-TRAIN TRUCK.

Official Photograph.

Stroke, and call off his troops from fields elsewhere—as the Germans had to call off the troops from Verdun when we struck at the Somme. The success of our attack may kill the bogie of Hindenburg.

LONDON; MARCH 31, 1917.



One Reason



EXPLAINING THE NEXT

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One Reason Why the British forward Thrust Succeeds.

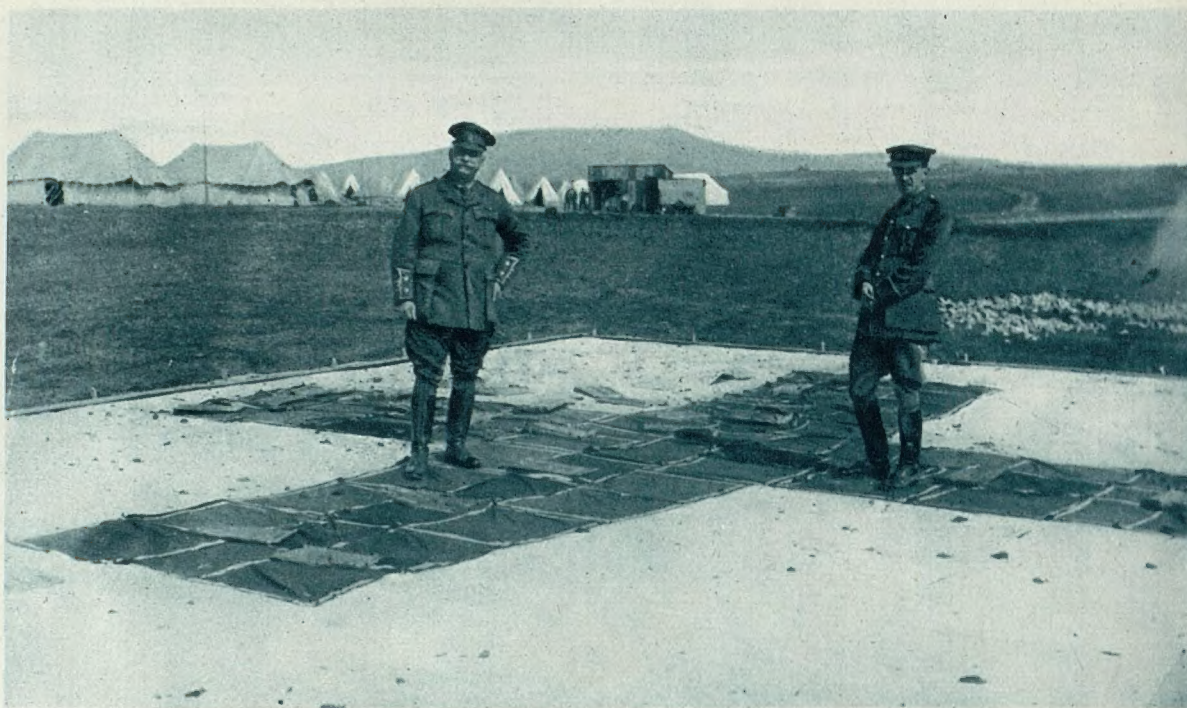


EXPLAINING THE NEXT MOVE WITH THE MAP: A SUBALTERN INSTRUCTING HIS MEN.

Headlong Balaclava blunders are made impossible nowadays. "There, my lord, are your guns!" was all the hapless Captain Nolan, who brought the order to charge, told Lord Cardigan, with a wave of his hand towards the far end of the valley of death. Nowadays we do things differently. Before every move, Headquarters explains details of the advance to divisional commanders;

these pass the information on to the brigadiers, and the chain of explanation goes on down through battalion commanders to subalterns, and, finally, to the rank of file, whenever possible to enter into particulars. A subaltern with a field map of the district is seen here, during a temporary rest and halt across the Somme, showing his men where they are next to go.—[Official Photograph.]

The Salonika Air-Attack on the British Hospital.



WHERE BOMBS FELL: THE RED CROSS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GROUND-BADGE; A BLOWN-UP WARD.

With the customary callous German disregard of humanity and international convention, enemy airmen on the Balkan front have no scruples on what they drop their bombs. Salonika, where there is a large British base-hospital, has been the scene of a recent air-raid, in the course of which bombs were dropped on the hospital. Eleven patients and two orderlies were killed and many

others were wounded. To make the act more indefensible, the hospital was, as shown in the upper illustration, clearly designated by a great red cross laid out horizontally on the ground, as a protective measure against hostile aviators. The lower illustration shows damage that one of the dozen German bombs dropped did in one of the wards.—[Official Photographs.]

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BOMBS DROPPED INDISCR

The British base-hospital at Salonika attacked, stands at some distance from the front. Red Cross flags on flagstaves, it was, a specially marked for airmen to distinguish on the ground, laid out on a white surface, no difference to the hostile airmen.

April 4, 1917

April 4, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

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BLOWN-UP WARD.

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The Salonika Air Attack on the British Hospital.



BOMBS DROPPED INDISCRIMINATELY: A SHELL-HOLE BETWEEN THE WARD TENTS; SEEKING FUSES

The British base-hospital at Salonika, which raiding enemy airmen attacked, stands at some distance from the other camps. Besides Red Cross flags on flagstaffs, it was, as shown in another illustration, specially marked for airmen to distinguish with an immense red cross on the ground, laid out on a white square. All that, however, made no difference to the hostile airmen. Some of their bombs, for-

tunately, fell between the rows of ward tents. One cavity, as seen in the upper illustration, was wide enough to hold four men. One man appears up to his thighs at the deepest part. A party of convalescents searching for shell-fuses is shown in the lower illustration—the recovery of the marked fuses being of military importance for certain practical reasons.—[Official Photographs.]

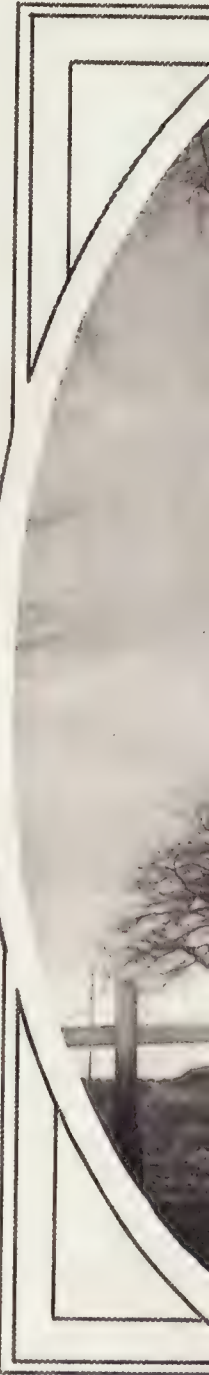
In the Great Pursuit: Cyclists and Midlanders.



FOLLOWING UP THE GERMAN RETREAT: CYCLIST SCOUTS; NOTTS AND DERBY MEN ON THE MARCH.

These photographs were taken on the British front in France during the pursuit of the retreating Germans. In the upper one is seen a body of Cyclist Scouts going forward to watch the enemy's movements. This patrol work in new country and strange villages was adventurous in the extreme. "Intelligence Officers," writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, "riding out on bicycles to these places were

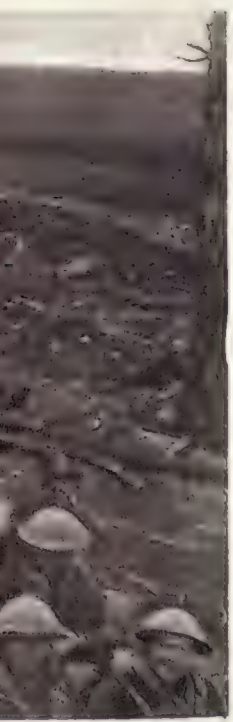
scared to find themselves so lonely, and believed that the enemy must be close at hand." The lower photograph shows men of the Notts and Derby Regiment, evidently in the best of spirits, on the march through country just evacuated by the Germans. The road resembles an avenue stricken by a hurricane. The men, it may be noted, wear a covering over their helmets.—[Official Photographs.]



ON THE BRITISH

The observation-post, or "O. P.," is a common feature of modern warfare. It is often built in the form of a high tree or a structure in the district, of course, a high tree or a structure in the observation-post, and structures have been frequently built both by the

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ON THE MARCH.

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Military Uses of Trees: An "O. Pip."



ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: A TYPICAL OBSERVATION-POST IN A TALL TREE.

The observation-post, or "O. Pip," as the artillerymen call it, is a common feature of modern warfare. It varies considerably in form according to the character of the country. In a wooded district, of course, a high tree affords an excellent position for an observation-post, and structures such as that here illustrated have been frequently built both by the Allies and the Germans. For

example, describing the scene of the enemy's recent retreat as our troops found it, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "In many places are piles of shells which he has not removed. Gun-pits and machine-gun emplacements, screens to hide (roads) from view, observation-posts built in tall trees, remain as signs of his military life a mile or two back from his front lines."—[Official Photograph.]



The Never-Ceasing Gunnery Training of the Grand fleet for Battle:



ON BOARD THE "LION": HEAVY TURRET-GUN SHELLS, TAKEN IN

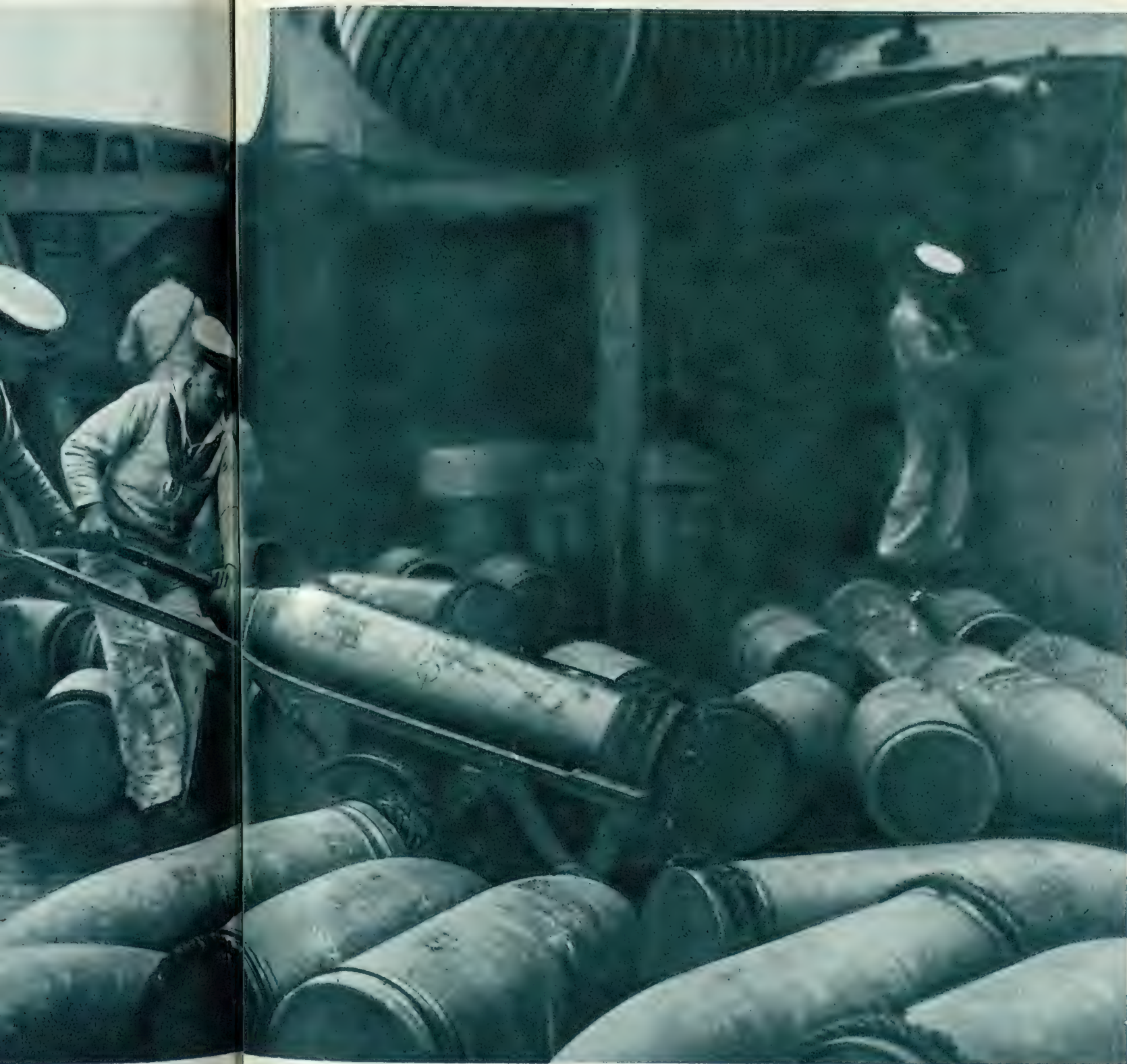
The Navy's method of keeping fit against the day of battle is in principle just the same as the athlete's way of preparing for any coming event—by means of exercise; in particular, the exercise of those organs essential to winning the contest ahead. That is the *raison d'être* of the continuous gunnery-exercise practice, in all conditions of weather, at targets both fixed and



AT SEA, BEING TRUCKED FOR LOADING, SHIFTING, AT VARYING RANGES, UNKNOWN DAILY. In that manner an enormous magazines always fully stored should the

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fleet for Battle: Keeping the Magazines full.



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AT SEA, BEING TRUCKED FOR LOWERING TO THE MAGAZINE.

shifting, at varying ranges, unknown to the gunners except by means of their battle-day range-finders, which goes on practically daily. In that manner an enormous quantity of ammunition is being expended, which is renewed and added to, to keep the magazines always fully stored should the day of action with the enemy come suddenly.—[Canadian War Records Photographs.]

On the Track of the Retreating Germans.

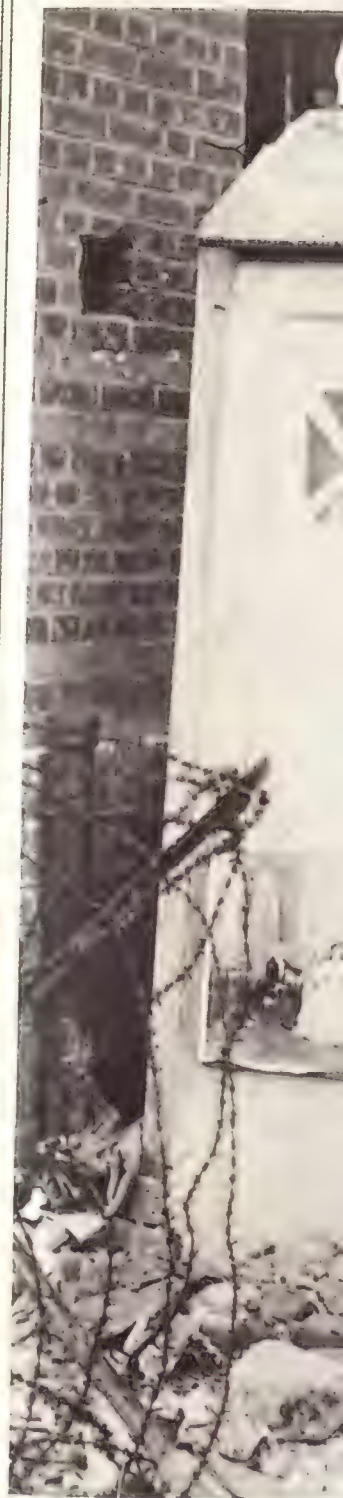


ENEMY BRIDGE-WRECKING: THE SOMME RAILWAY BRIDGE, PÉRONNE; A VIADUCT AT CHAULNES.

Road and river bridges, railway viaducts, canal locks, and crossing swing bridges, have been blown up wholesale throughout the German retreat. The enemy hoped thus to delay the pursuit; especially to hold back as long as possible the dreaded artillery of the Allies, and compel the guns to make detours by roundabout routes. To render the railway lines unworkable, they mined the

bridges, blowing up the supporting pillars of the track-way so that the rail-bearing girders should collapse in midstream, as seen in the upper illustration of a destroyed main-line Somme bridge near Péronne. Railway viaducts were destroyed by mining the supporting brickwork at either side, causing the bridge to fall in, as the second illustration at Chaulnes shows.—[Official Photographs.]

A Relic



CONVERTED INTO A BRITISH MILITARY INSTALLATION.

As has been related by war-correspondents, the ruins of the station at Péronne after the enemy had fallen were painted with the Prussian black-and-white, where in the streets of the two towns, regimental headquarters and staff offices have, in many cases, come in usefully.

April 4, 1917

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A Relic of the German Occupation Made Useful.



CONVERTED INTO A BRITISH SENTRY-BOX: WHERE A GERMAN FORMERLY STOOD ON GUARD.

As has been related by war-correspondents visiting Bapaume and Péronne after the enemy had fallen back, German sentry-boxes, painted with the Prussian black-and-white stripes, were found everywhere in the streets of the two towns, in front of buildings where regimental headquarters and staff offices had been established. They have, in many cases, come in usefully for our own sentries, and

one is shown above. Against the side facing the reader, a door, taken from a house near by, has been nailed, decorated with a painted black-and-white Iron Cross, and, below, having a page from some illustrated journal tacked on. Probably it was done to stop a draught through the interstices of the planking on the windward side of the sentry-box.—[Official Photographs.]

T AT CHAULNES.

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—[Official Photographs.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XLIII.—THE 20TH FOOT.

A NOBLE CAMP-FOLLOWER.

IN our older campaigns the soldier's wife often won unofficial laurels for her devotion to campaigning. Lady Smith was a famous case in point, but many years before her time another gently bred woman earned fame by the courage and endurance she displayed in following her husband's fortunes and sharing his hardships throughout the most trying operations. This was Lady Harriet Acland, born Harriet C. Fox Strangways, third daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester. In 1771, at the age of one-and-twenty, she was married to John Dyke Acland, Major in the 20th Regiment of Foot (the "Minden Boys," now the Lancashire Fusiliers), which was ordered to America to serve against Washington in the War of Independence. In 1776 she was with the regiment all through the miseries of the autumn campaign, and, after the American troops had retired from before Quebec, she passed the winter in the Isle aux Noix on Lake Champlain.

At the opening of the spring campaign the 20th was ordered to join Burgoyne's force, detailed for the attack on Ticonderoga, and Lady Harriet still wished to move forward with the troops; but her husband would not consent, until he should see how the fortune of war inclined. She remained, therefore, with other Englishwomen at the Isle aux Noix; but after the battle of Hubbardton, having heard that Major Acland was severely wounded, she could

be inactive no longer, and set off for the front to nurse him. The weather was dreadful and the conditions of travelling almost impossible; but,

in consideration of a substantial payment, four boatmen consented to take the intrepid lady across the lake to a point from which she could conveniently proceed to join the army. After severe trials and hardships, she came up with the forces, found Major Acland in a wretched log hut, and there looked after him until he was once more fit for duty.

She was now more determined than ever to see the thing through. Acland entreated her to stay behind in some place of safety, but Lady Harriet was not to be ordered by the person whom she had (more or less) vowed to obey. Transport was an inevitable difficulty, but for this she made her own arrangements. She got hold, somehow, of an old tumbrel or ammunition-cart, out of which two gunners made for her a rude sort of travelling carriage, which she made her home for the rest of the campaign. It was a conveyance of little ease, but for that she cared nothing, so long as she could follow her husband's fortunes wherever he might go.

The Major and his wife now had their hardships increased by an untoward accident. One

night, when they were asleep in their tent, their Newfoundland dog upset a candle. The canvas went on fire, and the Acland romance seemed likely to come to a fervent end. But an orderly sergeant

(Continued overleaf.)



NEAR LE Sars: A SHELL AND BULLET-SCARRED GERMAN MONUMENT TO THEIR OCCUPATION, BUILT OF CONCRETE AND DECORATED WITH AN IRON CROSS MOULDING AND INSCRIPTION, AS WE FOUND IT.

Official Photograph.



COOKING FIELD RATIONS ON THE BATTLEFIELD: SOLDIERS WITH A PORTABLE CAMP-STOVE IN THE RUINS OF A VILLAGE (THILLOY), JUST OUTSIDE BAPAUME.—[Official Photograph.]



"Red-face"



DESTRUCTION ON THE WEST

In the devastating war which is robbing France of her beauty, not even Nature escapes destruction and the Army leaves nothing unharmed which it does not utterly destroy, and our picture shows the once beautiful and peaceful country scene. It would seem as though in the deplorable d

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"Red-faced War has Rods of Steel and fire."



DESTRUCTION ON THE WEST FRONT IN FRANCE: ALL THAT IS LEFT OF AN AVENUE OF TREES.

In the devastating war which is robbing fair France of its beauty not even Nature escapes destruction and desolation. The German Army leaves nothing unharmed which it can mar, or maim, or utterly destroy, and our picture shows the pitiable effect upon a once beautiful and peaceful country scene in the village of Pys. It would seem as though in the deplorable destructiveness the enemy

was doing his best to realise the tragic picture by Tennyson of "The desecrated shrine, the trampled year, The smouldering home- stead, and the household flower, Torn from the lintel—A smoke goes up thro' which I loom. . . . Three times a monster." Our photo- graph of what was once a peaceful avenue, now reduced to a wreck, teaches its own lesson of the horror of war.—[Official Photograph.]

of the Grenadier Company which Acland commanded rushed into the blazing tent, and, at the risk of his life, dragged out the devoted couple just in the nick of time. They were unhurt, but they lost all their belongings, which did not increase their personal comfort during the movement through desolate country in pursuit of the



ALREADY PROBABLY ENGAGED ON THE WESTERN FRONT: BENGAL LANCERS PASSING THROUGH AN ADVANCED CAMP TO PURSUE THE ENEMY.

Official Photograph.

Americans. The operation was terribly trying, for the American snipers were both clever and vigilant, and harassed the British every yard of the way.

It was with an ill-equipped, greatly reduced, and almost starving force that Burgoyne at length crossed the Hudson in September, but still Lady Harriet stuck gamely to her man and beloved 20th. During the battle of Freeman's Farm she stayed in a small hut near the field watching the unceasing stream of wounded and dying borne past her to the base, and expecting every moment that her husband might be the next to be carried past. Her hut was soon filled with the maimed and the dying.

Suddenly her heart stood still. Two Grenadiers came in sight bearing a figure in a Major's uniform. But it was Major Harnage, not Major Acland. Lady Harriet was to see further stricken fields.

The next at which she was present was the disastrous affair of Bemus Heights, where Burgoyne's wretched handful was surrounded by sixteen thousand Americans. Horses and baggage had long been lost, the force was worn out and famishing. Shelter for Lady Harriet there was none, but she bivouacked cheerfully on the bare ground, doing what she could for the sick and wounded who lay around. All day she watched the unequal struggle, and at dusk Lady Harriet heard that her husband

had been mortally wounded and taken prisoner. Next day Lady Harriet went to Burgoyne and begged that he would send to General Gates for permission for her to pass into the American lines. Burgoyne was perplexed. The country between him and the Americans was utterly unsafe, swarming with Indians, deserters, and desperadoes, but he knew the lady, and did what he could.

"The assistance I could give her," he writes, "was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer her (she was drenched with the rains of many tempestuous nights), but I was told that she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection."

She set out, and was rowed down the Hudson by Brudenell, the chaplain, and

a wounded private of the 20th, who had been Major Acland's servant. The American troops watched her with interest and respect as she passed, and their General received her with the high chivalry and courtesy of a soldier who understood the best traditions of honourable warfare. He gave Lady Harriet free access to her husband, who still lived, and to her care he once more owed his recovery. In December



MOTOR-BICYCLING TO FIND A FRESH POSITION FOR HIS GUNS: AN ARTILLERY OFFICER ON THE AMIENS-ST. QUENTIN MAIN ROAD.

Official Photograph.

1777 Major Acland was released, and went with his wife to New York, where their son was born a month or two later. Soon thereafter they returned to England. Major Acland survived his adventures only a year. Lady Harriet lived until 1815, much honoured for the memory of all that she had endured for love.



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German River Obstructions to the British Advance.



ON THE LINE OF RETREAT: A BLOWN-UP WOODEN BRIDGE AT NESLE; REPAIRING A BRIDGE.

With painstaking and characteristic thoroughness, the Germans in their retreat left nothing undone in the way of creating obstacles to the British advance. All the avenues of approach to the evacuated places were either mined or blocked—generally both—and every existing means of passing rivers and streams was destroyed—however small or apparently negligible. At Nesle, for

example, as our upper illustration shows, the enemy blew up a wooden bridge over a deep stream skirting the town. Its wrecked remains are seen with some of the poor French children, who managed to live through the German occupation, standing on the fallen timbers. On our side no time is lost in re-bridging the rivers, etc., with temporary structures, as shown in the lower illustration.—[Official Photos.]

On the Scene of the Somme Battlefields.



BY COURCELETES AND IN THE DISTRICT: A BOMBARDED WOOD; ENEMY AMMUNITION.

The upper illustration shows a scene too sadly universal now all over the formerly well-wooded districts of the Somme Valley and the northern frontier of France. The precise locality is near Courcelettes, where the enemy had to undergo an exceptionally fierce bombardment before being moved on. The devastated strip of woodland shown resembles, in its heaps of fallen tree-branches and

broken-down tree-trunks, strewn in tumbled piles and heaps over the ground, the devastation in the path of a furious tropical tornado. In the lower illustration we have another Western Front scene; a shell-depôt behind a section of trench during the Somme advance. Quantities of German artillery ammunition, abandoned in the enemy's hurried retreat, were found like that.—[Official Photos.]

British



AT PYS, NEAR W

Pys was one of the villages evacuated by the British in the earlier days of resistance in the Warlencourt-Miraumont district. Haig as one of a group of eleven British hands about the same time, elaborately fortified by the enemy,

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British Artillery Effects on a German Position.



AT PYS, NEAR WARLENCOURT: SCRAP-IRON WRECKAGE; AN ENEMY ARTILLERY DEPÔT.

Pys was one of the villages evacuated by the enemy with weak show
of resistance in the earlier days of the present advance. It is in
the Warlencourt-Miraumont district and is named by Sir Douglas
Haig as one of a group of eleven villages which all fell into
British hands about the same time. All had been more or less
elaborately fortified by the enemy, and were severely shelled in the

preliminary clearing of the ground which drove the enemy out of
the district in a hurried retreat. The upper illustration shows the
scrap-heap remnants of an iron-framed structure at Pys, after the
shelling ceased. The lower illustration shows an abandoned
German artillery depôt at the same place, with wicker-work shell-
basket-carriers left littering the ground.—[Official Photographs.]



In the french Sector of the Ypres front: The Waterlogged S



PLODDING THROUGH MUD AND WATER: A FRENCH ARTILLERY WAGON AND TEAM CONVEYING DEPAR

With the eyes of most people fixed on the Somme front, one is apt to forget the adjoining Ypres front, where things of importance may happen at any time. That sector is held partly by the British and partly by the French, who for some time have been standing on the defensive in their entrenched positions. In that quarter the ground over which our advance must be made, the

flat, low-lying plain of Flanders, is reproduced above of a French artillery shows the main natural obstacle to mob

Ypres front: The Waterlogged State of the Main Roads.



A FRENCH ARTILLERY WAGON AND TEAM CONVEYING DEPARTMENTAL STORES BETWEEN CAMPS.

s front, where things of import-
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flat, low-lying plain of Flanders, is in a more waterlogged state than in the districts of the Somme battlefields. The sketch reproduced above of a French artillery store-wagon carrying departmental supplies, with its team plodding over a swamped road, shows the main natural obstacle to mobility in that section of the war-area.

A Western front Instantaneous Photograph.



A DIRECT ENEMY HIT: A GERMAN SHELL THROWING UP A CASCADE OF STONES AND CLODS.

Seen against the dark background of the earth surface, brown and bare and furrowed by rows of trench excavations, the smoke of a bursting shell looks white as it spurts up; like the puff of escaping steam when a railway locomotive suddenly blows off. As the smoke-cloud rises, it rapidly turns to a greyish colour, and then, within a few seconds, it becomes black, before finally dissipating

and drifting away down wind in thinning vapour. The shell-burst, at the same time, where the projectile falls into a trench, hurls high up into the air a veritable cascade of debris, shooting up high above the smoke and showering on all sides like fountain spray, stones and clods and trench materials, woodwork fragments, etc., which are hurled outwards.—[Australian Official Photograph.]

A Western



TOSSED UP BODILY

The enormously powerful effect of a shell-burst, the matter of more or less consequence of a suddenly violent and local explosion, a propellant; but queer exact regard are also constantly seen in recent issue one of the ex-

A Western front Curiosity—the Result of a Shell-Burst.



TOSSED UP BODILY AND WEDGED UP A TREE: AN ARTILLERY WAGON'S BOMBARDMENT ADVENTURE.

The enormously powerful effect of high explosive is, of course, a matter of more or less common knowledge. Its force is ordinarily of a suddenly violent and locally shattering nature, rather than as a propellant; but queer examples of its capabilities in the latter regard are also constantly seen at the front. We illustrated in a recent issue one of the extraordinary freaks of a high-explosive

shell-burst which blew up in the middle of a belt of wire entanglement and flung a section of wires intact half-way up an adjacent tree. A yet more wonderful freak-effect—probably unique—is seen here; a field artillery *fourgon*, or wagon, tossed up to the top of a tree by a shell exploding in the ground directly underneath it, and left wedged fast in its branches.—[Photo. by C.N.]

AND CLOUDS.

our. The shell-burst, into a trench, hurls debris, shooting up sides like fountain woodwork fragments, Official Photograph.]



One of the German Road Obstructions



ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SOMME OUTSIDE PÉRONNE: A MAIN ROAD

In the above illustration, which shows trees felled by the Germans to block the main road on the outskirts of Péronne, we have an example of perhaps the very oldest form of military obstruction used by retreating armies in all ages. A hundred odd years ago, when Napoleon's invasion of England was daily expected, elaborate instructions were issued to our troops in

to Prevent the A

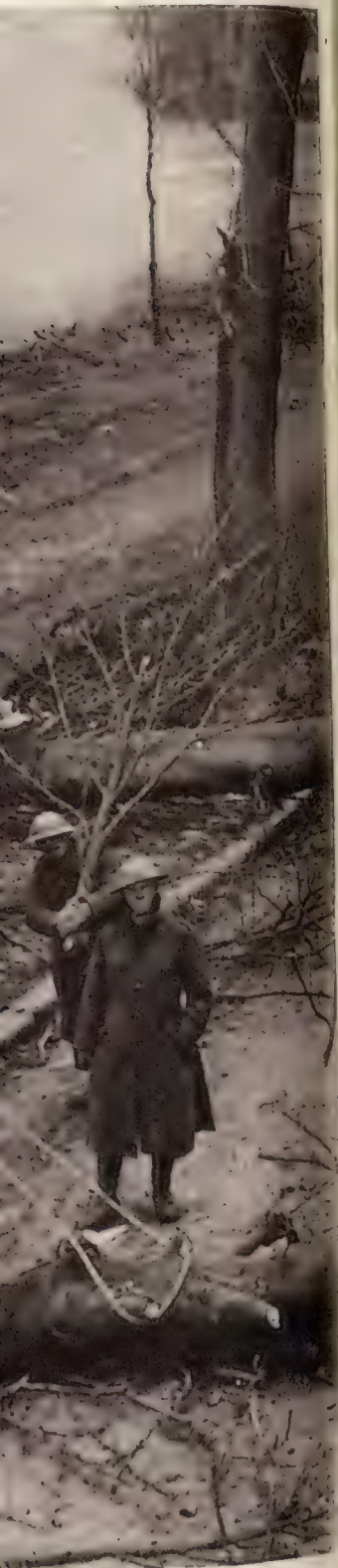


LEADING INTO THE TOWN BLOCKED

Kent and Sussex as to how they were to fall back—it was assumed they would stand was to be made. The tree-trunk

Obstructions

to Prevent the Advance of our Artillery.



IDE PÉRONNE: A MAIN ROAD

the outskirts of Péronne, we
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were issued to our troops in

LEADING INTO THE TOWN BLOCKED BY A ROW OF FELLED TREES.

Kent and Sussex as to how they were to do exactly the same thing with the trees on all our roads from the coast, as they
fell back—it was assumed they would have to retreat—on a position on the Surrey Downs covering London, where the great
stand was to be made. The tree-trunks are adzed nearly through, and dragged down with ropes.—[Official Photograph]

FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XXXIV.—THOMSETT.

ONE day Thomsett was the sort of fellow Colonels only remember when Captains grumble about the inefficiency of section-commanders; the next day he was the Colonel's favourite child, and the sort of lad one is proud to command, don't you know! One day Thomsett was so inconspicuous as to be scarcely on the earth; the next the mess was hitting him on the back and naming gay drinks for him, and Colonel Corliss was patting him on the shoulder and promising him half his kingdom.

Thomsett was quite a nice boy, but this sudden uplift from the dust in which "one pips" have their being to high and dazzling altitudes made him stutter. Colonel Corliss noticed his stutter, and he thought the subaltern's embarrassment very manly. Thomsett had done a particularly plucky thing. He had shown that cold and imperturbable nerve which is of the highest order of disciplined and courageous will. The thing he had done (it doesn't matter what it was) was so big and so terrible that a number of men of undoubted pluck might have shied at it. Thomsett had carried it through magnificently and coolly—and here he was stuttering and rivalling the peony, while the Colonel mentioned he was really rather proud of him. That was the right spirit, don't you know, thought the "Old Man."

The Colonel very luckily remembered his wife had had Thomsett to tea in training days: that gave him a very human and paternal interest in

the boy. ("Really, it is nice of him to stand on one leg and then on the other—so embarrassed of him, so manly.") He explained how proud the regiment was, and how proud the Colonel of the regiment was, to have a distinguished lad like

Thomsett about. And he also explained how medal-ribbons of worth would be attached to Thomsett's tunic in the future.

"I've spoken to the Brigadier—oh, and to the C.-in-C.—and both concur. Most notable bit of work, Thomsett—most notable. We have sent your name in to the W.O. with commendations—oh, the highest commendations. And you will get something worthy—quite. Not that it will be more than you deserve. Oh, not at all. We're all very proud of you. I'm very proud of you—so's the Major. All of us, very proud. Great bit of work. Quite."

Thomsett gurgled amiably, blushed ruddily. From his noises, it was understood he thought there had been "nothing in it." Sort of thing that any Tempy. would be only willing and glad to do.

("Nice of him to be so incoherent," thought the Old Man. "So British. So—very—oh, yes—manly!")

"Not at all," he insisted aloud.

"Not at all. Most notable act. I insist, very notable. We are all really proud. And I'm glad it was done by one of my officers. I like my officers to do things. I like it. I like to do things for them." Perhaps he was carried away by the emotion of the moment, but at any rate just then he really meant what he said.

[Continued overleaf.]



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PÉRONNE: DESTRUCTION AT PÉRONNE-FLAMICOURT RAILWAY STATION, WITH THE FALLEN BRIDGE CONNECTING UP AND DOWN PLATFORMS.—[Official Photograph.]



IN THE STREETS OF PÉRONNE—THE FIERY INFERNO OUR ADVANCED GUARD HAD TO PASS THROUGH: A HOUSE STILL BLAZING.

Official Photograph.



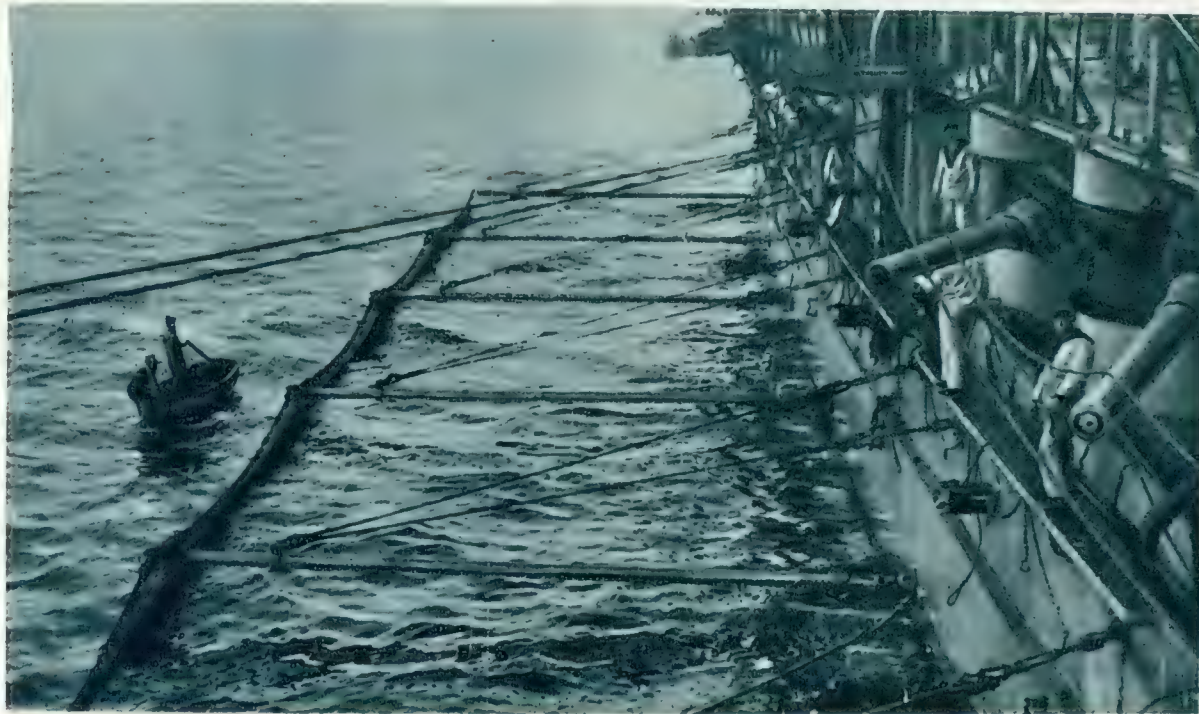
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TORPEDO-NET DEFENCE:

Naval opinion has for a long time been divided as to the value of torpedo-nets, seeing that high-speed net-cutting apparatus fixed on their ships and big cruisers in all navies

Alongside a War-Ship of the french fleet.



TORPEDO-NET DEFENCE : THE "CRINOLINE" PLACED IN POSITION AGAINST ATTACK ; BEING LOWERED.

Naval opinion has for a long time past, from days long before the war, been divided as to the value of "crinoline protection"—i.e., torpedo-nets, seeing that high-speed torpedoes carry an effective net-cutting apparatus fixed on their forward end, which can shear through any steel netting meshes without difficulty. Still, battle-ships and big cruisers in all navies carry torpedo-nets and lower

them when at anchor in open water. In the upper illustration a French war-ship is seen with her nets down; in the lower, the net is seen while in process of being lowered. The nets are extended in linked-together sections, and slung out on hollow steel booms. They go down under water to a depth equivalent to the vessel's hull.—[French Official Photographs.]

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(Continued overleaf.)

"Really, I like to do things for my officers"—he became almost eager and paternal. "If there's anything I can do for you, Thomsett—should be delighted to do anything . . ."

Thomsett gurgled rather more coherently.

"Very kind, Sir," he was recognised to say. "Very kind. I really don't think . . ."

"Well, if I could be of help to you—should be delighted to be of help to you."

"Really, I don't think," began Thomsett—and he hesitated.

"Ah," cried the Old Man, with the swooping joy of a benevolent father, "there is something. Come, my boy—let me hear what it is."

Thomsett looked at him with a pleading eye.

"Well, it's—I'm afraid, after all, it's rather more personal than—er—than—regimental."

"Let me hear it," commanded the Colonel genially, as though to say "Leave all private judgment to me!"

"I mean," stuttered Thomsett, very red, "it's outside the regiment. It has nothing—that is, practically nothing—to do with fighting or military things or things with war in. It's personal; it concerns me privately, and it concerns—well, me."

The Colonel beamed and rocked on his heels.

"Ah, I see. Private—a matter of influence, perhaps. I have some influence—well, some considerable influence. I might be able to use it."



SAFEGUARDING AGAINST COUNTER-ATTACKS: A BARBED-WIRE CARRYING PARTY BRINGING UP WIRE REELS TO LINK NEWLY WON POSITIONS.—[Official Photograph.]

It was to be seen that the Old Man had not the slightest doubt he would be able to use it anywhere.

"In a way—yes—it's that."

"Let me see what you want. Let me hear what you have to say, my boy."

"Well, Sir, it's this—I'm married." The Colonel's eye seemed confused. Thomsett hastened

on. "I mean, married in a peculiar way. You see, we met, and she was really above me; but she loved me. And we—that is, her parents don't know."

("Aha," chuckled the Old Man. "There are unsuspected depths in Thomsett the blusher. Gay young Lothario.")



A BATTLEFIELD HUSTLE—FOLLOWING-UP ADVANCING INFANTRY: GUNNERS HAULING A FIELD-PIECE TO A NEW BATTERY FIRING-POINT AHEAD.—[Official Photograph.]

"I see," he said, but still paternally. "I see. You married clandestinely. You think her parents might be—er—nasty. You think I might use my influence."

"In a way—that is, I should like you to—er—support me."

"Oh, but will you need my support? With this—er—fine performance to your credit, any girl, and the parents of any girl—any girl's parents—can't be anything but proud to have you in the family. Don't you think that?"

"I don't know, Sir," said Thomsett a little miserably. "You see, her people were rather big people—"

"Father a bit of a terror," chuckled the Old Man—really, boys would be boys, whether they were Colonels or Thomsetts. "Might do the high-born father, and all that—I know 'em. Oh, I know 'em!"

"Oh, he's a fine old lad—I mean, I admire him awfully; but he might think that I . . ."

"Leave him to me," snapped the Old Man finally. "I'll settle him. I'll make it plain to him that you are a son worthy of anybody—worthy of any family, however exalted. I'll let him

know that you are a son I'd be proud to have myself—yes, myself."

"Well, that's it, Sir," said Thomsett quickly and breathlessly.

"Er . . . What? . . . What the devil . . . ?"

"That's it, Sir. It was your daughter Barbara I married." W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



A BELGIAN DOG

The Belgian Army continues to make teams with their machine-gun sections. The dogs are big, sturdy animals to the Belgian cities formerly saw at carts and small market vehicles, and work during the Belgian campaign.

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DOUGLAS NEWTON.

With King Albert's Troops in flanders.



A BELGIAN DOG-TEAM BATTERY: ON THE LINE OF MARCH; A WAYSIDE HALT.

The Belgian Army continues to make general employment of dog-teams with their machine-gun sections, as in the days before the war. The dogs are big, sturdy animals, such as tourist visitors to the Belgian cities formerly saw about the streets, drawing milk-carts and small market vehicles, and so forth. The dogs did good work during the Belgian campaign in August and September, with

the machine-gun sections. They stood fire well, besides being readily tractable, able to get about over any kind of ground and showing themselves capable of enduring fatigue and rough weather. For those reasons, the dog-teams are still continued in service. The present dog-team machine-gun batteries, it may be added, are completely equipped for hard service.—[Belgian Official Photographs.]

The Thoroughness of British Military Training.



GAS-MASK ROUTE-MARCHING NEAR LONDON: A DETACHMENT IN THE STREETS; PARADED TO START.

Every imaginable detail of battlefield training forms part of the course of instruction through which reinforcing drafts and new battalions being prepared in Great Britain are put, before being embarked for their destinations in France and Flanders, or elsewhere. In previous issues, for instance, we have shown some of them at practice in bomb-throwing with "live" bombs as in

action, and practising bayonet-fighting, exactly as in hand-to-hand combat, with dummies in all postures, and at trench work as before the enemy. Gas-mask route marching, to accustom men to the wearing of masks, another part of the training, is shown here. Detachments so equipped, looking like Spanish Inquisition familiars, are to be met with round London.—[Photos. by Central Press.]

Soldiers



HELPING TO FEED THE N

The upper illustration shows convalescent soldiers in one of the Home Counties, authorities in ploughing up a part of it to be planted for food production. exceptionally keen on the work, and have to do. In the lower illustration

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—[Photos. by Central Press.]



Soldiers Released by the War Office for the Land.



HELPING TO FEED THE NATION: CONVALESCENTS PLOUGHING HOSPITAL GROUND; A FARM PARTY.

The upper illustration shows convalescent soldiers at a certain hospital in one of the Home Counties, lending a hand to the authorities in ploughing up a part of the hospital grounds, which is to be planted for food production. The men, it is stated, are exceptionally keen on the work, and quick at learning what they have to do. In the lower illustration, a party of soldiers from

several regiments, released by the War Office from military duty as being used to agricultural labour, for work on the land, are seen starting out, spade on shoulder, and marching in military formation. At the depot are men who before the war were carters, ploughmen, etc., and local farmers have only to apply for their services.—[Photos. by L.N.A. and Alferi.]

At a French Artillery Ammunition field Depot.



CARRYING SHELLS FORWARD TO THE BATTERIES: 155-MM. PROJECTILES; 220-MM. PROJECTILES.

Everyday work at a French artillery ammunition-depôt on the Oise front, within a short distance of the battle-line, is shown in the two illustrations here. In the upper, men of a working-party are carrying on their shoulders to a battery, 155-mm., or, approximately, 6-inch calibre shells. These weigh about 100 lb. apiece. In the lower illustration, another working-party is trans-

porting heavier projectiles on four-handled ammunition-trays, which two men manage. The shells are for 220-mm. guns, and each weighs upwards of 350 lb. A corduroy road of sapling trunks leading through the dépôt is seen in the upper illustration, and in the lower, one of the light-railway tracks by means of which the shells arrive from the munition works.—[French Official Photos.]



A SUSPECTED COMITADJE

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April 4, 1917

Dépôt.



220-MM. PROJECTILES.

handled ammunition-trays, which for 220-mm. guns, and each duroy road of sapling timber—seen in the upper illustration, railway tracks by means of which works.—[French Official Photos.]

April 4, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 43
New Series]—33

Greek Irregulars in the Balkans.



A SUSPECTED COMITADJE LEADER CAUGHT: MARCHING THROUGH SALONIKA FOR EXAMINATION.

Comitadjis is the Turkish name for the frontier bands of native irregulars, or guerillas, differing little in methods from bandits, who, in the days of the Turkish dominion, swarmed all over the Balkan districts. During the war they have served as advanced-guard parties, according to nationality—Bulgarian, Serbian, Greek comitadjis. The last have consistently given trouble to the Allies at

Salonika, and some small detachments, mostly of French soldiers, have been ambushed and massacred by them in the Monastir district. A recent order from General Sarrail directs that they are to be summarily dealt with. The illustration shows the leader of a band which has given the British trouble. He is being marched through the streets of Salonika for examination.—[Official Photograph.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

RAG-PICKING—or, to be strictly accurate, rag-collecting—hardly seems at first sight to fall within the definition of war work. But we have the authority of Mrs. Tennant, the Director of the Woman's Branch of National Service, that the woman who saves and organises the collection of rags in her district is doing a truly national work. The activity of the enemy submarines and the effect on our wool trade were referred to last week. The woman rag-collection organiser is one of the pawns which Great Britain will use to defeat the enemy's game. Briefly, then, it is the duty of patriotic women to develop an enthusiasm for rags of every kind except silk ones. Cotton rags, woollen rags, scraps of woven material, odds and ends of carpets, the remains of knitted gloves, mufflers, and socks, and the thousand-and-one other oddments that fall within the "rag" definition, are all wanted by the Government to help win the war. All the woollen goods will be sent to the North, where factories for turning them into useful material again existed long before anyone ever thought of the war. When the restoration process has been completed, they will be sold to manufacturers to be turned into clothing for the Army.

The way in which to help is quite simple, and quite within the scope of those who, on account of home ties or other causes, are prevented from taking a more active share in

war work. Those who want to assist can do it by setting to work at once to collect scraps, or by volunteering to work as canvassers in different London districts and so rousing the interest of householders in the rag-raising scheme. The idea is that the rags should be gathered regularly every month and taken to a district depôt, whence, after a professional rag-sorter has dealt with them, they will be despatched to their right destination. By the way, anyone who wants to be a rag-collection canvasser must apply to the St. Ermin's Hotel.



WOMEN CARPENTERS LEARNING AEROPLANE CONSTRUCTION: RIPPING DOWN A PLANK.
Willesden Polytechnic has been asked by the Minister of Munitions to train women to make the woodwork used in aeroplanes. Mr. Ayres, the instructor, is here shown superintending the ripping-down of a plank.

Photograph by Sport and General.



WOMEN CARPENTERS LEARNING AEROPLANE CONSTRUCTION: IN THE WORKSHOP AT WILLESSEN.

A general view is here given of ladies at work, by desire of the Minister of Munitions, at Willesden Polytechnic, under Mr. Ayres, the instructor. After a short course, they are sent to the factories.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

completed, and at a training centre in London each woman will receive three weeks' training, together with elementary instruction in hygiene

The appeal for women recruits to help in work connected with the Flying Corps which Lord Derby made at the Women's Meeting at the Albert Hall is already bearing fruit, and the Selection Committees of the Women's National Service have been busy dealing with applications. The work to be done is connected with the manufacture of aeroplanes, and some of it is of a skilled nature. To mention only two of the jobs that want filling—women are required as sand-blasters and fitters' mates, and those who are well educated and intelligent are especially asked to volunteer.

The scheme for the employment of women in France is practically

completed, and at a training centre in London each woman will receive three weeks' training, together with elementary instruction in hygiene

(Continued overleaf.)



ON AND OFF DUTY: SOCIETY LADIES.

Two well-known Society ladies, Miss Leveson-Gower (reading from left to right) they have taken up to release m dairymaids on the Royal Farms them, and shown in the upper photo over straw for cattle-bedding, is an

Women War-Workers at Work and Play.



ON AND OFF DUTY: SOCIETY LADIES AND A WOUNDED ANZAC DAIRYING; MUNITIONERS AT PLAY.

Two well-known Society ladies, Miss Erica Muir and Miss Victoria Leveson-Gower (reading from left to right), are seen here, at work they have taken up to release male hands for the colours, as dairymaids on the Royal Farms at Windsor. Working with them, and shown in the upper photograph as assisting in turning over straw for cattle-bedding, is an Australian soldier, F. Sankup,

discharged from active service by reason of his wounds after being in action with the Anzacs at Gallipoli and also in France. In the lower illustration a woman munition-workers' football team, from the fuze-making department of a munitions factory, is shown in a match with a team from another department, the "Mechanicals."—
[Photographs by S. and G. and Illustrations Bureau.]

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and discipline. About 5000 women will be employed, and will be sent out in batches of 200.

The Women's Land Army too, upon whose exertions much of our food supply will depend, is being rapidly mobilised, and centres at which they can train for their work have already been opened. The need for their services is so urgent that the scheme includes the establishment of several hundred such centres all over the country, so that as soon as the women volunteer they can enrol for the necessary training without waste of time. Patriotic people in different districts have come forward and placed their houses, gardens, and lands at the disposal of the authorities as centres of instruction. At some of them the rank and file will be taught the elements of land work. Others will be used as training-schools for educated women who will later be put in charge of the companies who will be sent to work on the different farms. The training is provided free, and, as I said last week, a uniform of breeches, overalls, and boots will be provided. There is just one thing to remember, though—land work is only suitable for those who are thoroughly fit physically, and the dilettante "out" for a little mild gardening and exercise will save herself quite a lot of disappointment if she refrains from offering her services as a land worker. The Bible tells us

war and an offering of consolation to those who have given so much in the splendid defence of their country," the Women's Scientific Co-operative Holdings Farm for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors has been started, under the patronage of Sir Frederick Milner. The



WOUNDED SOLDIERS LEARN SHORTHAND: A SCENE AT KITCHENER HOUSE.

Wounded men of Kitchener's Army, who are convalescent, are being taught shorthand at the new club just opened in London for men able to take up light occupations. Our photograph shows two of them receiving instruction.

Photograph by L.N.A.

object of the movement is, by voluntary subscriptions and other means, to provide some of our disabled men with the means of obtaining a home.



THE AMAZONS OF TO-DAY: LADIES WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

In the multifarious duties of the A.S.C. there is scope for workers of all kinds, and these ladies, seen in their becoming uniforms, do all sorts of useful work in the garages, as well as driving motors for military purposes.—[Photograph by C.N.]

something about turning swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, but it has been left to women to start the business in the middle of the greatest war the world has ever known. As "a memorial to those who have fallen in the

wants further information should write to Miss Violet Bertram, Hon. Secretary, Agricultural and Horticultural Section, Lyceum Club, 128, Piccadilly, W., who is responsible for originating the scheme.

CLAUDINE CLEVE.



OUR SOLDIERS AMONG THE

Our soldiers and sailors have a favourites with children, alike at home and abroad, all over the world. The favourites with the French children in the early days of the original British Expedition of two years and three-quarters ago

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CLAUDINE CLEVE.

In the Recaptured Villages of France.



OUR SOLDIERS AMONG THE CHILDREN: THE TREAT THE YOUNGSTERS LIKE BEST—BICYCLE RIDING.

Our soldiers and sailors have always made themselves prime favourites with children, alike at home stations in England and in garrison all over the world. They speedily made themselves favourites with the French children of the villages and towns in the early days of the original British Expeditionary Force, now upwards of two years and three-quarters ago. At the present time, in the

recaptured villages on the Somme and Ancre, whenever opportunity offers, the soldiers—as much as anything, perhaps, out of sympathy with, and to make up for what the French children have had to undergo while the Germans occupied their homes—are ever ready to show every kindness to the youngsters, who appreciate our men's treatment.—[Official Photographs.]

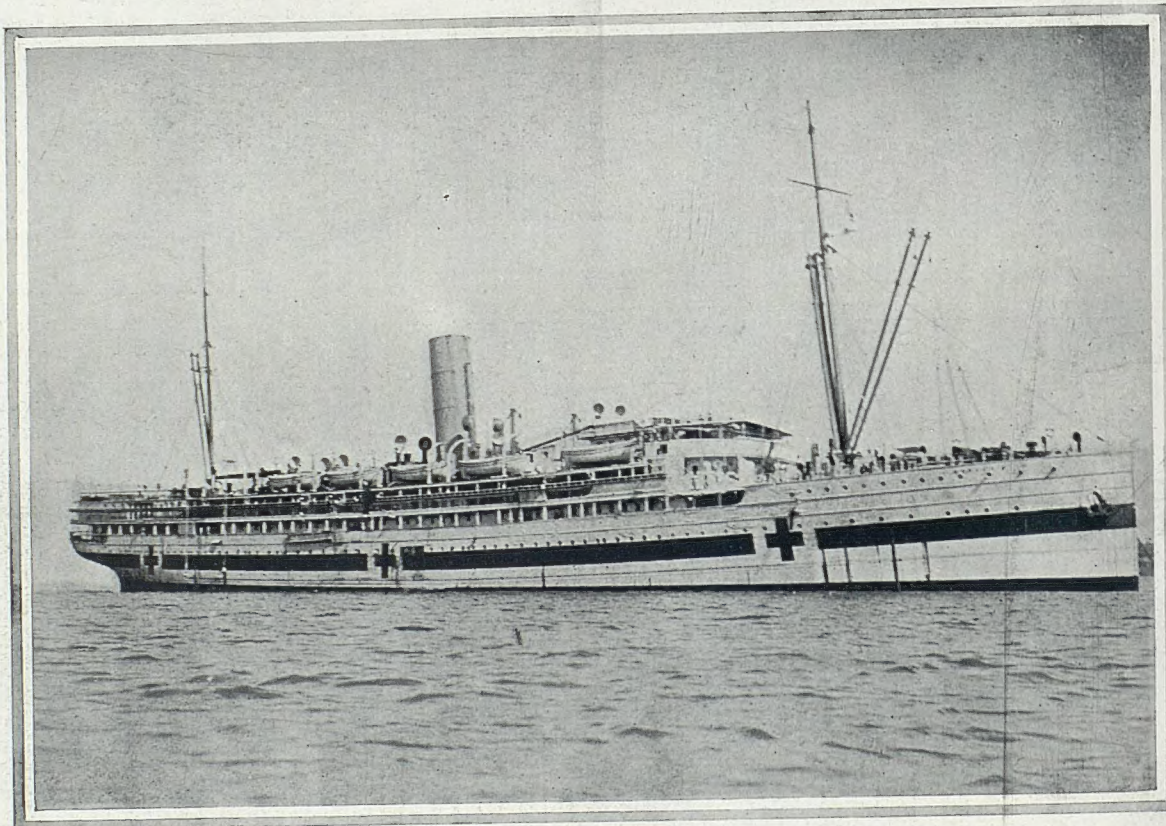
THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE CHANCES OF OFFENSIVES AGAINST ITALY AND RUSSIA—DESPERATE TURKEY.

THEORISTS of the "impending Hindenburg stroke" dogma have been veering considerably. The idea that it is to be launched against the Allies in the West is now not so frequently advanced, for both Italy and Russia are being suggested as likely objectives. In support of those prophesying a big offensive against the Italians there have come many reports of troop movements and the concentration of men and guns on the Austrian line; while, as hint of

Russia, perhaps, is a more reasonable objective for Hindenburg. The German leader's mind is obsessed by Russia, the whole of his military theory and practice has been bound up with Russia, and at the present moment Russia may suggest itself to Germany as a most amenable prey. The Germans may feel that the Revolution has weakened Russia's power for direct and coherent action, and that a nation swayed by conflicting purposes might give her her opportunity. More



TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING AT NIGHT, ALTHOUGH SHOWING ALL LIGHTS AND THE RED CROSS BADGE
BRIGHTLY ILLUMINATED: THE BRITISH HOSPITAL-SHIP "ASTURIAS."

Fortunately, the "S.O.S." signals of the "Asturias" brought speedy help, and between 300 and 400 of those on board were rescued. Only a short time before the "Asturias" had landed 900 wounded. According to official statements, 43 lives were lost, including a staff nurse and a stewardess, and 39 persons were injured. The question of reprisals is stated to be under consideration by the authorities.

Photograph Illustrations Bureau.

future activity, there has been a certain briskening up in the fighting. This, however, is merely local and minor in nature so far, and, though the Austrians have been able to take a little ground on the edge of the Carso, there has happened nothing to suggest action which Italy cannot easily counter. As a possible victim to Hindenburg, Italy does not seem to help Germany far on the road to peace, save as territory to bargain with. On the other hand, Italy has not merely a pretty tough army, it has an army made formidable by fairly consistent success. The conquest would not present an easily workable problem.

than that, a successful march on Petrograd might be a stroke of enormous psychological success—might restore the power of the deposed régime, and swing the whole country to Germany's side at a blow. These are likely considerations, and may supply the reason for the accumulation of Divisions noted before the Russians on the Dvinsk line, as well as for the spirited fighting that has been going on at the Russian centre in the Baranovitchi area. As far as the spirit of Russia goes, there is not very much to favour plans founded on Russia's unreadiness. Where it has changed the firing-line at all, the Revolution has

Continued overleaf.



HELPING INHABITANTS:

The upper illustration shows an incident repeated over and over again in the weeks. A British motor-car party is distributing food to the starving people, as correspondents have told, not only

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In the Recaptured Villages of France.



HELPING INHABITANTS: A BRITISH MOTOR-CAR PARTY WITH FOOD; SOLDIERS AND PROTÉGÉS.

The upper illustration shows an incident which has probably been repeated over and over again in the villages within the districts won back for France by the British advance, during the last eight weeks. A British motor-car party is seen in one of the villages distributing food to the starving people of the place. The Germans, as correspondents have told, not only sacked and burned down the

dwelling of the inhabitants who had provided them with comfortable billets for months past, but also deliberately destroyed the people's stocks of provisions. In addition, they even cut down, or killed, by "ringing" the bark with slashes, the fruit trees of the gardens. The lower illustration shows French village children being amused by our men round a camp fire in a street.—[Official Photographs.]

certainly changed it for the better. A greater confidence and unity is manifest, and the armies are expressing the same sense of enthusiastic loyalty for the new order as is being shown in the cities. The Revolution, indeed, should prove but an accession of strength in arms. Curiously enough, in Germany itself there is a very considerable feeling of sympathy for the Russian Revolutionists, a feeling understandable enough: both countries suffered from the same burden—though only Russia has had the spirit to depose it.

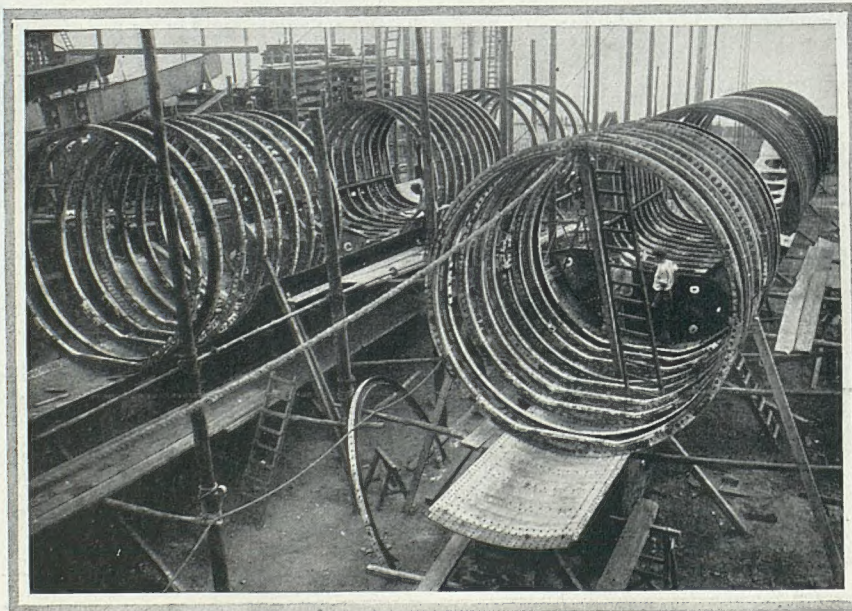
The Russians, though they have met minor checks on the Roumanian as well as on their main front, have had steady success in Asia. The Turkish defence in Persia has been broken, and the pursuit is busy driving the defeated enemy along the Teheran-Baghdad road into the arms of the British, who still advance. Further to the north the Russians, too, are again jeopardising the Turkish rear, for they are

Persian as well as the Armenian border, and fall back to a new system of resistance based on Aleppo. It cannot, by the way, be at all gratifying to the Turks to recognise how completely



CRESCENT, STAR, AND TRICOLOUR: A SPAHI STANDARD-BEARER WITH HIS ATTENDANT "GARDES DE DRAPEAU."

The picked Spahi troopers of the flag escort, in keeping with tradition, wear their hair long, coming down on to their shoulders.—[Official Photograph.]



FOR ITALY'S NAVAL WORK IN THE ADRIATIC: INNER FRAMEWORK OF TWO SUBMARINE MINE-LAYERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

advancing from Van towards Mosul. With the ring closing so tightly, the Turks may be forced to relinquish the whole of Mesopotamia, and the

their Ally, Germany, has left them in the lurch. In a military sense they have now to fend for themselves and even in feelers for peace they

seem to be left out altogether. The Germans seem willing enough to sacrifice Armenia and Mesopotamia, and it is rumoured that they are not unwilling to come to some understanding over Constantinople.

From America there come signs that the feeling for war is stiffening. Its inevitability is openly admitted, and both by word and act the Americans seem preparing to take their part on the side of the Allies. Already fairly authoritative schemes for helping are being put forward, the most popular suggestions being a huge loan to the Allies, the patrolling of the seas, the

use of the American Navy for transport work, and the supply of foodstuffs, munitions, and the like.

LONDON: MARCH 31, 1917

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AMERICA'S FLEET: ON